

THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT
OF EXPRESSION

BY

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A COMPILATION OF SELECTIONS FOR USE IN THE STUDY
OF EXPRESSION

IN FOUR VOLUMES
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TO THE
STUDENTS AND FRIENDS
OF THE
COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF ORATORY,
WHOSE APPRECIATION, HELPFULNESS AND LOYALTY
HAVE MADE THE SCHOOL A SUCCESS,
THESE VOLUMES ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

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INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME II.

Since, in the study of Volume I, the student has already exercised the lower functions of the three departments of mind; intellect, emotion and will, and expressed their products, it only remains for succeeding volumes to present more difficult matter for the exercise of the higher functions of the same departments of mind. The work of each succeeding volume, then, has also to do with the whole mind, but each exercises it upon a higher plane than did its predecessor.

CHAPTER I.

INTELLECT—VIVIDNESS.

This chapter deals with the intellect and demands that the ideas not only be apprehended, but *comprehended while they are being spoken*. When the mind merely apprehends an idea, the mental image is somewhat indefinite and incomplete, but when it really comprehends it the outlines and parts stand out in bold relief and become vivid conceptions.

The student should inform himself thoroughly in regard to the matter of the lesson; so thoroughly that if he were an artist, he could fully illustrate the text. After he has done all he can, the teacher should retouch the pictures with his own experience and imagination until they are as vivid as it is possible to make them.

The inexperienced teacher is frequently at a loss to know whether or not these pictures are really held in mind while the student is speaking, for it is entirely true that

the student's word cannot be relied upon in this matter. He often thinks that he sees vividly, when he does not, and he is entirely sincere in this. The fault lies in his failure to comprehend what is wanted.

A given state of mind in a speaker is reflected in his voice, gesture and facial expression and reproduces itself in the mind of the sympathetic listener. This principle is invaluable to the teacher for he can, by placing himself in the attitude of a responsive auditor, judge of the action of the student's mind, by the images produced in his own. He can also judge by the vocal and facial expression, just as he would from the conversation of anyone else, whether or not the reader understands his subject.

CHAPTER II.

EMOTION—ALTRUISTIC OR SOCIAL

It is expected in this chapter that the student will yield himself much more fully to the emotion than he did in the corresponding chapter of Volume I, and that his expression of these higher emotions will deepen, broaden and beautify his rendering.

The final reason for expressing emotion is to arouse the same feeling in the hearts of the hearers. What listeners want from the reader or speaker is an expression of the effect of the thought upon his emotional nature. In order to produce this effect, the thought must be in the act of arousing the emotions *while the lines are being uttered.*

The first and most valuable point to be gained in this step, as in all others, is to create the same state of mind in the entire class that you desire in the one reciting. This

atmosphere may be created by relating similar or contemporary incidents, by paraphrasing the text, or by many other methods which the earnest teacher will invent. All the teacher's power of language and of expression will be called into use in this work, for success is the product of three factors: the pupil's ability, the literature to be expressed and the artistic power of the teacher. He must paint word pictures, and while presenting them to the class, his own soul must be thrilling with the emotion he would arouse in them.

No work will more richly reward the teacher's efforts, for emotion is the heart and soul of the mind, and it grows through expression. Intellect without it, if we can imagine it without, is as cold and lifeless as the columns of a census report. Emotion rules the will and the will is the man. With undeveloped emotion, poets and scientists, preachers and statesmen could not be.

The results in the voice are most gratifying and most wonderful. The true expression of the higher emotions is the most valuable factor in any system of voice culture. Through this expression, smoothness, richness, beauty, impressionability and true volume can best be cultivated. It gives flow and body to the voice, and beautifies and smooths the angles and breaks, that cold intellect produces.

CHAPTER III.

WILL—COMMANDING ATTENTION.

In the corresponding chapter of Volume I, the student was required to direct his expression to the hearers. Now it is proposed that by his will, he shall command their attention. This power must be exerted from the pupil's own mind.

Since this is only drill work, the student has not the purposes and incentives of the speaker before the public. The imagination must supply the deficiency.

The devices used by successful teachers for supplying this deficiency vary with the age and ability of the student and with the character of the selection. The student may imagine the class are children who must be kept quiet by his reading, that they are a company of friends whom it is his duty and pleasure to entertain, that he is the chosen orator of a great occasion and the fate of a grand cause depends upon his success. In short, he may imagine all sorts of rewards for success, punishments for failure, and responsibilities resting upon him.

Practice in commanding attention is most valuable in cultivating, in timid pupils, those qualities which enable them to meet the world and look it in the eye, without shrinking from its glance.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSIQUE—VIGOR.

No rendering is satisfactory to the hearer, which does not possess vigor or strength. By the term vigor is not necessarily meant noise, but the adequate response of the voice to the thought to be expressed, the emotion to be enkindled and the will to be aroused.

This quality is even more necessary in the rendering of quiet selections than of strong ones, but it is thought best at this stage of the student's development to furnish, for the most part, literature that will aid in vigorous rendering.

The requirement of this step differs from that of the

corresponding step of Volume I, and from those of the preceding ones of Volume II, in intensity rather than in kind. The mind is more fully aroused in all its departments. The intellect must present more vivid pictures, the emotions be more strongly stirred by them, and the will be more determined to transfer these pictures and emotions to the mind of the listener. The preceding steps are to this one what a weak man is to a strong, what the babbling brook is to the mighty river, or the gentle breeze to the powerful trade wind.

Vigor gives definite form and carrying power, and is needed even in the most delicate passage, in order that it may keep its form until it reaches the farthest hearer. Such a passage rendered without vigor is, in form like a wilted flower, and in power like a spent arrow.

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CHAPTER I.

INTELLECT—VIVIDNESS.

WINTER.

1. Slowly, thickly, fastly, fall the snow-flakes,—like the seasons upon the life of man. At the first they lose themselves in the brown mat of herbage, or gently melt, as they fall upon the broad stepping-stone at the door. But as hour after hour passes, the feathery flakes stretch their white cloak plainly on the meadow, and chilling the doorstep with their multitude, cover it with a mat of pearl.

2. The dried grass-tips pierce the mantle of white, like so many serried spears; but as the storm goes softly on, they sink one by one to their snowy tomb, and presently show nothing of all their army, save one or two straggling banners of blackened and shrunken daisies.

3. Across the wide meadow that stretches from my window, I can see nothing of those hills which were so green in summer; between me and them lie only the soft, slow-moving masses, filling the air with whiteness. I catch only a glimpse of one gaunt and bare-armed oak, looming through the feathery multitude like a tall ship's spars breaking through fog.

4. The roof of the barn is covered; and the leak-

ing eaves show dark stains of water that trickle down the weather-beaten boards. The pear-trees, that wore such weight of greenness in the leafy June, now stretch their bare arms to the snowy blast, and carry upon each tiny bough a narrow burden of winter.

5. The old house-dog marches stately through the strange covering of earth, and seems to ponder on the welcome he will show,—and shakes the flakes from his long ears, and with a vain snap at a floating feather he stalks again to his dry covert in the shed. The lambs that belonged to the meadow flock, with their feeding-ground all covered, seem to wonder at their losses; but take courage from the quiet air of the veteran sheep, and gambol after them, as they move sedately toward the shelter of the barn.

6. The cat, driven from the kitchen-door, beats a coy retreat, with long reaches of her foot, upon the yielding surface. The matronly hens saunter out at a little lifting of the storm, and eye curiously, with heads half-turned, their sinking steps, and then fall back, with a quiet cluck of satisfaction, to the wholesome gravel by the stable-door.

7. By and by the snow-flakes pile more leisurely; they grow large and scattered, and come more slowly than before. The hills, that were brown, heave into sight—great, rounded billows of white. The gray woods look shrunken to half their height, and stand waving in the storm. The wind freshens, and scatters the light flakes that crown the burden of the snow;

and as the day droops, a clear, bright sky of steel color cleaves the land from the clouds, and sends down a chilling wind to bank the walls and to freeze the storm. The moon rises full and round, and plays with a joyous chill over the glistening raiment of the land.

8. I pile my fire with the clean-cleft hickory ; and musing over some sweet story of the olden time, I wander into a rich realm of thought, until my eyes grow dim, and dreaming of battle and of prince, I fall to sleep in my old farm-chamber.

9. At morning I find my dreams all written on the window in crystals of fairy shape. The cattle, one by one, ~~with~~ ears frost-tipped, and with frosted noses, wend their way to the watering place in the meadow. One by one they drink, and crop at the stunted herbage which the warm spring keeps green and bare.

10. A hound bays in the distance ; the smoke of cottages rises straight toward heaven ; a lazy jingle of sleigh-bells wakens the quiet of the high-road ; and upon the hills the leafless woods stand low, like crouching armies, with guns and spears in rest ; and among them the scattered spiral pines rise like banner-men, uttering with their thousand tongues of green the proud war cry—“God is with us !”

11. But the sky of winter is as capricious as the sky of spring, even as the old wander in thought, like the vagaries of a boy.

Before noon the heavens are mantled with a

leaden gray ; the eaves, that leaked in the glow of the sun, now tell their tale of morning's warmth in crystal ranks of icicles.

12. The cattle seek their shelter ; the few lingering leaves of the white-oaks rustle dismally ; the pines breathe sighs of mourning. As the night darkens, and deepens the storm, the housedog bays ; the children crouch in the wide chimney-corners ; the sleety rain comes in sharp gusts. And as I sit by the bright leaping blaze in my chamber, the scattered haildrops beat upon my window, like tappings of an Old Man's cane.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

AN INCIDENT IN DR. BLIMBER'S SCHOOL.

1. Doctor Blimber was already in his place in the dining-room, at the top of the table, with Miss Blimber and Mrs. Blimber on either side of him. Mr. Feeder, in a black coat, was at the bottom. Paul's chair was next to Miss Blimber ; but it being found, when he sat in it, that his eyebrows were not much above the level of the table-cloth, some books were brought in from the Doctor's study, on which he was elevated, and on which he always sat from that time.

2. Nobody spoke, unless spoken to, except Doctor Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, and Miss Blimber, who conversed occasionally. Whenever a young gentleman was not actually engaged with his knife and fork or

spoon, his eye, with an irresistible attraction, sought the eye of Doctor Blimber, Mrs. Blimber, or Miss Blimber, and modestly rested there.

3. Only once during dinner was there any conversation that included the young gentlemen. It happened at the epoch of the cheese, when the Doctor, having taken a glass of port wine, and hemmed twice or thrice, said :

“It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder, that the Romans—”

At the mention of this terrible people, their implacable enemies, every young gentleman fastened his gaze upon the Doctor, with an assumption of the deepest interest. One of the number, who happened to be drinking, and who caught the Doctor’s eye glaring at him through the side of his tumbler, left off so hastily that he was convulsed for some moments, and in the sequel ruined Doctor Blimber’s point.

4. “It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder,” said the Doctor, beginning again slowly, “that the Romans, in those gorgeous and profuse entertainments of which we read in the days of the Emperors, when luxury had attained a height unknown before or since, and when whole provinces were ravaged to supply the splendid means of one imperial banquet—”

Here the offender, who had been swelling and straining, and waiting in vain for a full stop, broke out violently.

“Johnson,” said Mr. Feeder in a low, reproachful voice, “take some water.”

The Doctor looking very stern, made a pause until the water was brought, and then resumed :

“ And when, Mr. Feeder——”

5. But Mr. Feeder, who saw that Johnson must break out again, and who knew that the Doctor would never come to a period before the young gentlemen until he had finished all he meant to say, couldn’t keep his eye off Johnson ; and thus was caught in the act of not looking at the Doctor, who consequently stopped.

“ I beg your pardon, sir,” said Mr. Feeder, redenning. “ I beg your pardon, Doctor Blimber.”

6. “ And when,” said the Doctor, raising his voice, “ when, sir, as we read, and have no reason to doubt— incredible as it may appear to the vulgar of our time—the brother of Vitellius prepared for him a feast, in which were served, of fish, two thousand dishes——”

“ Take some water, Johnson—dishes, sir,” said Mr. Feeder.

7. “ Of various sort of fowl, five thousand dishes——”

“ Or try a crust of bread,” said Mr. Feeder.

“ And one dish,” pursued Dr. Blimber, raising his voice still higher as he looked all round the table, “ called, from its enormous dimensions, the Shield of Minerva, and made, among other costly ingredients, of the brains of pheasants——”

“ Ow, ow, ow!” (from Johnson).

8. “ Woodcocks——”

“ Ow, ow, ow!”

“ The sounds of the fish called scari——”

"You'll burst some vessel in your head," said Mr. Feeder. "You had better let it come."

"And the spawn of the lamprey, brought from the Carpathian Sea," pursued the Doctor in his severest voice; "when we read of costly entertainments such as these, and still remember that we have a Titus—"

"What would be your mother's feelings if you died of apoplexy?" said Mr. Feeder.

9. "A Domitian——".

"And you're blue, you know," said Mr. Feeder.

"A Nero, a Tiberius, a Caligula, a Heliogabalus, and many more," pursued the Doctor; "it is, Mr. Feeder—if you are doing me the honor to attend—remarkable; **VERY** remarkable, sir——"

10. But Johnson, unable to suppress it any longer, burst at that moment into such an overwhelming fit of coughing, that, although both his immediate neighbors thumped him on the back, and Mr. Feeder himself held a glass of water to his lips, and the butler walked him up and down several times between his own chair and the sideboard, like a sentry, it was full five minutes before he was moderately composed, and then there was a profound silence.

11. "Gentlemen," said Doctor Blimber, "rise for Grace! Johnson will repeat to me to-morrow morning before breakfast, without book, and from the Greek Testament, the first chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians. We will resume our studies, Mr. Feeder, in half an hour." CHARLES DICKENS.

MOTHER BICKERDYKE.*

PART I.

1. Among the hundreds of women who devoted a part or the whole of the years of the war to the care of the sick and wounded of the army, "Mother Bickerdyke" stands preëminent. She gave herself to the rank and file of the army,—the private soldiers.

2. There was no peril she would not dare for a sick and wounded man, no official red tape of formality for which she cared more than for a common tow-string, if it interfered with her in her work of relief. "The boys" reciprocated her affection and to the entire army of the West, she was emphatically "Mother Bickerdyke."

3. The last day of the year 1863 was one of memorable coldness. The icy winds swept down Lookout Mountain creating a furious Arctic hurricane, that overturned the hospital tents in which the most badly wounded men were located. It hurled the partially recovered patients out into the pouring rain, that became glare ice as it touched the earth, breaking anew their healing bones, and chilling their frames with the piercing mountain gale.

4. The rain fell in torrents in the mountains and

* From "My Story of the War," by permission of A. D. Worthington & Co., publishers, Hartford, Conn.

poured down their sides so furiously and suddenly that it made a great flood in the valleys at their base. Before the intense cold could stiffen the headlong current into ice, it swept out into the swollen creeks several of the feeblest of the men under single hospital tents; and they were drowned.

5. Night set in intensely cold, for which the badly fitted up hospitals were wholly unprepared. All that night Mother Bickerdyke worked like a Titan to save her bloodless, feeble patients from being frozen to death. There were several hundred in hospital tents, all badly wounded, all bad cases.

6. The fires were piled higher and higher with logs, new fires were kindled which came nearly to the tents, and roared and crackled in the stinging atmosphere. But before midnight the fuel gave out. To send men out into the forests to cut more, in the darkness and awful cold, seemed barbarous. The surgeon in charge dared not order them out, and it is doubtful if the order could have been obeyed had it been given.

7. Mother Bickerdyke was equal to the emergency. With her usual disdain of red tape, she appealed to the Pioneer Corps to take their mules, axes, hooks and chains, and tear down the breast-works near them, made of logs with earth thrown up against them.

8. They were of no value, having served their purpose during the campaign. Nevertheless, an order for their demolition was necessary if they were to be destroyed.

9. There was no officer of sufficiently high rank present to give this order; but after she had refreshed the shivering men with a cup or two of hot drink, they went to work at her suggestion, without orders from officers. They knew, as did she, that on the continuance of the huge fires through the night, depended the lives of hundreds of their wounded comrades; for there was no bedding for the tents, only a blanket or two, for each wounded, suffering man.

10. The men of the corps set to work tearing down the breast-works, and hauling the logs to the fires, while Mother Bickerdyke ordered half a dozen barrels of meal to be broken up and mixed with warm water, for their mules.

11. Immense caldrons of hot drinks were renewedly made under her direction, hot coffee, panado, and other nourishing potables, and layers of hot bricks were put around every wounded and sick man of the entire fifteen hundred, as he lay in his cot.

12. From tent to tent, she ran all the night in the icy gale, hot drinks in one hand, and hot bricks in the other, cheering, warming and encouraging the poor shivering fellows.

13. Suddenly there was a great cry of horror; and, looking in the direction whence it proceeded, she saw thirteen ambulances filled with wounded men, who had been started for her hospital from Ringgold, in the morning, by order of the authorities.

14. These had been delayed by the rain and the

gale, and for hours had been travelling in the darkness and unparalleled coldness, both mules and drivers being nearly exhausted and frozen.

15. What a spectacle met Mother Bickerdyke's eyes! They were filled with wounded men nearly chilled to death. The hands of one were frozen like marble. The feet of another, the face of another, the bowels of a fourth who afterwards died. Every bandage had stiffened into ice. The kegs of water had become solid crystal; and the men, who were past complaining, almost past suffering, were dropping into the sleep that ends in death.

16. The surgeons of the hospital, were all at work, during the night, with Mother Bickerdyke, and came promptly to the relief of these poor men, hardly one of whom escaped amputation of frozen limbs from that night's fearful ride.

17. As the night was breaking into cold gray day, the officer in command of the post was informed of Mother Bickerdyke's unauthorized exploits. He hastened down where the demolished breast-works were being rapidly devoured by the fierce flames.

18. He saw the necessity and wisdom of the course she had pursued. But it was his business to preserve order and maintain discipline, and so he made a show of arresting the irregular proceeding.

19. "Madam, consider yourself under arrest," was the major's address to the ubiquitous Mother Bickerdyke. To which she replied as she flew past

him with hot bricks and hot drinks, "All right, Major! I'm arrested! Only don't meddle with me till the weather moderates, for my men will freeze to death if you do!"

20. There was some little official hubbub over her night's exploits, but she defended herself to the officers with this: "It's lucky for you, old fellows, that I did what I did. For if I hadn't, hundreds of men in the hospital tents would have frozen to death."

21. "No one at the north would have blamed me, but there would have been such a hullabaloo about your heads for allowing it to happen, that you would have lost them, whether or no." Some of the officers stood boldly by her, openly declaring that she had done right, and advised her to pursue the same course again under the same circumstances. This was needless advice, as she would assuredly have done so.

MOTHER BICKERDYKE.

PART II.

1. A Soldiers' Convention was held in Topeka, which was very largely attended. Mother Bickerdyke came from San Francisco, the invited guest of the Convention, and, just as the veterans were entering on their deliberations, made her appearance in the rear of the house.

2. In an instant there was a joyful confusion in the

neighborhood of the door, a rush, a subdued shout, a repressed cheer. The presiding officer called for order and rapped vigorously with his gavel. But the hubbub increased, and spread toward the centre of the hall. Again the chairman sought to quell the disturbance, rapping forcibly, and uttering his commands in an authoritative voice ; “ Gentlemen in the rear of the house must come to order, and take their seats ! It is impossible to transact business in this confusion ! ”

3. “ Mother Bickerdyke is here ! ” shouted a chorus of voices in explanation, which announcement put an end to all thoughts of business, and brought every man to his feet, and sent a ringing cheer through the hall. All pressed toward the motherly woman. Gray-haired and gray-bearded men took her in their arms and kissed her. Others wept over her. Men on crutches and men with empty coat-sleeves stood outside the surging crowd, with shining eyes, waiting their turn to greet their benefactress.

4. “ Why, boys, how you behave ! ” was Mother Bickerdyke’s characteristic exclamation, as, releasing herself from the smothering caresses and the strong imprisoning arms, she wiped away tears of memory and gladness.

5. This raised a shout of laughter. “ Oh, mother, your brown hair has grown white as snow,” said one, “ but I should know you by your speech, if I met you in Africa.”

6. “ I should know her by the tender eyes and the

kind mouth," said another. "I shall never forget how good they looked to me after the battle of Resaca, where I lost my foot and gave myself up to die, I was in such pain. I tell you, it seemed as if my own mother was doing for me, she was so gentle. She looked down upon me, and encouraged me, and nursed me, as if I were her son." And he wiped his wet eyes with the back of his hand.

7. Had Mother Bickerdyke been a queen, she could not have been more royally welcomed. It seemed impossible for the men to pay her sufficient honor. They noted her increasing feebleness, her crippled hands, her snowy hair, her dimming eyes, and said to each other, "It isn't the result of old age; it is what she did for us during the war."

8. Only that Mother Bickerdyke resolutely forbids it, they would surround her with luxury, and she would lack for no comfort, even if they impoverished themselves. "The boys have all they can do to make a living for themselves and families," she said, "and they shall not be weighted with care of me."

9. And so, when the Convention was ended, and the men went back to their farms and shops and offices, she turned her face toward San Francisco, to take up again the burden of her lonely life.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

LABOR.

1. There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works ; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony.

2. He bends himself with free valor against his task ; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up ; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

3. Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness ; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes ? In wrestling with the dim, brute powers of Fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work, the possibilities are diffused through immensity—undiscoverable, except to Faith.

4. Man, son of heaven ! is there not in thine

inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals !

THOMAS CARLYLE.

HAMLET.

ACT I, PART OF SCENE II.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Horatio. Hail to your lordship !

Hamlet. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Horatio. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Hamlet. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with you :

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—

Marcellus ?

Marcellus. My good lord——

Hamlet. I am very glad to see you.—[TO BERNARDO.]

Good even, sir.——

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Horatio. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Hamlet. I would not hear your enemy say so, Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself ; I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Horatio. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Hamlet. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student; I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Horatio. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !

My father !—methinks I see my father.

Horatio. O where, my lord ?

Hamlet. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Horatio. I saw him once ; he was a goodly king.

Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.

Horatio. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Hamlet. Saw ? who ?

Horatio. My lord, the king your father.

Hamlet. The king my father !

Horatio. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Hamlet. For God's love, let me hear.

Horatio. Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch, In the dead vast and middle of the night, Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father, Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, Appears before them, and with solemn march Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walk'd By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distill'd
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;
 And I with them the third night kept the watch :
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes. I knew your father ;
 These hands are not more like.

Hamlet. But where was this ?

Marcellus. My lord, upon the platform where we
 watched.

Hamlet. Did you not speak to it ?

Horatio. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once methought
 It lifted up its head and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;
 But even then the morning cock crew loud,
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Hamlet. 'Tis very strange.

Horatio. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.

Hamlet. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch tonight ?

Marcellus. } We do, my lord.
Bernardo. }

Hamlet. Arm'd, say you ?

Marcellus. } Arm'd, my lord.
Bernardo. }

Hamlet. From top to toe ?

Marcellus. } My lord, from head to foot.
Bernardo. }

Hamlet. Then saw you not his face ?

Horatio. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Hamlet. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet. Pale, or red ?

Horatio. Nay, very pale.

Hamlet. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Horatio. Most constantly.

Hamlet. I would I had been there.

Horatio. It would have much amaz'd you.

Hamlet. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long ?

Horatio. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Marcellus. } Longer, longer.
Bernardo. }

Horatio. Not when I saw 't.

Hamlet. His beard was grizzled ? no ?

Horatio. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Hamlet. I'll watch to-night ;

Perchance 't will walk again.

Horatio. I warrant it will.

Hamlet. If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, Let it be tenable in your silence still ; And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, Give it an understanding, but no tongue :

I will requite your loves. So, fare you well ;
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Hamlet. Your loves, as mine to you ; farewell.—

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET.*]

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
 I doubt some foul play : would the night were come !
 Till then sit still, my soul ; foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE GREAT STORM AT YARMOUTH.

PART I.

1. In the evening I started by the mail coach from London to Yarmouth. As the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night, the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop ; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm, like showers of steel.

2. When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or

anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London ; and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower, and flung into a by-street which they blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighboring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still, there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

3. As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth ; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily toward us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings.

4. I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea ; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying

blotches of sea-foam ; afraid of falling slates and tiles ; and holding by people I met, at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings ; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zig-zag back.

5. Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another ; ship-owners, excited and uneasy ; children, huddling together, and peering into older faces ; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

6. The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys were lifted up to hills ; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound ; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away ; the ideal shore on the

horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell ; the clouds flew fast and thick ; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

7. Not finding Ham among the people, I made my way to his house. It was shut ; and as no one answered to my knocking, I went, by back ways and by-lanes, to the yard where he worked. I learned there, that he had gone to meet some sudden exigency of ship-repairing in which his skill was required ; but that he would be back to-morrow morning, in good time. I went to the inn ; I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir it, told me that two colliers had gone down with all hands, a few miles away ; and that some other ships had been seen laboring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off shore.

8. My dinner went away untasted. I fell into a dull slumber before the fire, without losing my consciousness, either of the uproar out of doors, or of the place in which I was. Both became overshadowed by a new and indefinable horror ; and when I awoke—or rather when I shook off the lethargy that bound me in my chair—my whole frame thrilled with objectless and unintelligible fear. In all the hurry of my thoughts, wild running with the thundering sea,—the storm and my uneasiness regarding Ham, were always in the foreground. I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer, listened to the awful noise, looked at faces, scenes and figures in the fire. At length, the steady

ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall, tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

9. I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy ; but, on my lying down, all such sensations vanished as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined. For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water ; imagining, now, that I heard shrieks out at sea ; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns ; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up, several times, and looked out ; but could see nothing, except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void. Getting into bed again I fell into the depths of sleep.

THE GREAT STORM AT YARMOUTH.

PART II.

1. When I awoke it was broad day—eight or nine o'clock ; the storm raging, and some one knocking and calling at my door.

“What is the matter ?” I cried.

“A wreck ! Close by !”

I sprung out of bed and asked what wreck ?

“A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her ! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment.”

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase ; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

2. Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented, bore the expression of being swelled ; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

3. In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless effort to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us !

4. One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging ; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled —which she did with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts

were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away ; for, as the ship, which was broadside on turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair conspicuous among the rest.

5. A great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water rose from the shore at this moment ; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro.

6. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach ; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast : uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

7. There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature, driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang ; and its sound, the knell of those

unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased, men groaned and clasped their hands, women shrieked and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

8. They were making out to me in an agitated way that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing ; and that there was nothing left to try, when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front. I ran to him and, distracted though I was, by a sight so new and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea, awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms ; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to let him stir from off that sand. Another cry arose on shore ; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

9. Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. I was

swept away to some distance, where the people around me made me stay ; urging that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested.

10. I don't know what I answered, but, I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers ; a rope in his hand, another round his body, and several of the best men holding, at a little distance to the latter.

11. The wreck was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. He had a singular red cap on, not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color ; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipated death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave the cap. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend,—Steerforth.

12. Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water. And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling

with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.

13. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and every means of restoration was tried, but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

14. As I sat beside the bed when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

“Sir,” said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips was ashy pale, “will you come over yonder?”

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me :

“Has a body come ashore?”

He said, “Yes.”

“Do I know it?” I asked then.

He answered nothing.

15. But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

CHARLES DICKENS.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

I.

Oh, to be in England now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning
unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noon tide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

ROBERT BROWNING.

CHAPTER II.

EMOTION—ALTRUISTIC OR SOCIAL.

BOSTON IN 1861.*

PART I.

1. The opening of the War of the Rebellion was a time of extreme and unconcealed anxiety. The daily papers teemed with the dreary records of secession. Every one was asking his neighbor, “What will be the end?”, but there was no answer, for over the whole North the paralysis of death seemed to have settled.

2. Then came the news that Fort Sumter was attacked, which increased the feverish anxiety. The threats of its bombardment had been discredited. When, therefore, the telegraph announced the lowering of the stars and stripes, and the surrender of the beleaguered garrison the news fell on the land like a thunderbolt.

3. The next day, April 14, was Sunday. The pulpits thundered with denunciations of the rebellion. Congregations applauded sermons such as were never before heard in Boston, not even from radical preachers.

Many of the clergy saw with clear vision, at the very outset, that the real contest was between slavery

*From “My Story of the War,” by Mary A. Livermore, by permission of A. D. Worthington & Co., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

and freedom ; and with the prophetic instinct of the seer, they predicted the death of slavery as the outcome of the war.

4. Some of the ministers counselled war rather than longer submission to the imperious South.

The same vigorous speech was heard on the streets, through which surged hosts of excited men. Conservative and peaceful counsel was shrivelled in a blaze of belligerent excitement.

5. Monday dawned, April 15. Who that saw that day will ever forget it? For now, drowning the exultations of the triumphant South, louder than their boom of cannon, heard above their clang of bells and blare of trumpets, there rang out the voice of Abraham Lincoln calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months.

6. This proclamation was like the first peal of a thunder cloud, clearing the murky sky. The South received it as a declaration of war, the North, as a confession that civil war had begun ; and the whole North arose as one man. The calls of the governors of the loyal states were met with a response so generous, that ten times seventy-five thousand volunteers could have been furnished had they been asked.

7. All the large cities and towns raised money for the volunteers and their families, and it was believed that abundant means were placed at the disposal of the general government for the speedy quelling of the rebellion.

8. Everywhere the fife and drum thrilled the air with their stirring call. Recruiting offices were opened in every city, town and village. No stimulus was needed. The plough was left in the furrow ; the carpenter turned from the bench ; the student closed his books ; the clerk abandoned the counting room ; the lawyer forsook his clients ; and even the clergyman exchanged his pulpit for the camp and the tented field, preaching no longer the gospel of peace, but the duty of war.

9. Hastily forward companies marched to camps of rendezvous, the sunlight flashing from gun barrel and bayonet, and the streets echoing the measured tread of soldiery.

Flags floated from the roofs of houses, were flung to the breeze from chambers of commerce and boards of trade, spanned the surging streets, decorated the private parlor, glorified the school-room, festooned the church walls and pulpit, and blossomed everywhere.

10. All normal habits of life were suspended, and business and pleasure alike were forgotten.

On the morning of Tuesday, volunteers began to arrive in Boston, and Faneuil Hall, the old "Cradle of Liberty," was opened for their accommodation.

As they marched from the railroad stations, they were escorted by crowds cheering vociferously. Merchants and clerks rushed out from stores, bare

headed, saluting them as they passed. Windows were flung up, and women leaned out into the rain, waving flags and handkerchiefs.

11. Horse-cars and omnibuses halted for the passage of the soldiers, and cheer upon cheer leaped forth from the thronged doors and windows. The multitudes that followed after, and surged along on either side, and ran before in dense and palpitating masses, rent the air with prolonged acclamations.

As the men filed into Faneuil Hall in solid columns the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Men, women and children seethed in a fervid excitement.

BOSTON IN 1861.

PART II.

1. "God bless it!" said an old man in tender and devout tone as he sat in his carriage leaning heavily forward on his staff with clasped hands. And following the direction of his streaming eyes, and those of the thousands surrounding it, I saw the dear banner of my country, rising higher and higher to the top of the flagstaff, fling out fold after fold to the damp air, and float proudly over the hallowed edifice.

2. Oh, the roar that rang out from ten thousand throats! Old men, with white hair and tearful faces, lifted their hats to the national ensign, and reverently saluted it. Young men greeted it with fierce and wild hurrahs.

3. I had never seen anything like this before. I had never dreamed that New England, slow to wrath, could be fired with so warlike a spirit. Never before had the national flag signified anything to me. But as I saw it now, kissing the skies, all that it symbolized as representative of government and emblematic of national majesty became clear to my mental vision.

4. It was honored on all seas; it afforded sanctuary in all lands ; it represented the authority and protection of a united people. As I looked on it, I was weak with the new tides of feeling coursing through my being.

5. That day cartridges were made for the regiments by the hundred thousand. Army rifles were ordered from the Springfield Armory. Fifteen hundred workmen were engaged for the Charlestown Navy Yard. Enlistments of hardy looking men went on vigorously and hundreds of wealthy citizens pledged pecuniary aid to the families of the soldiers.

6. Military and professional men tendered their services to the government in its present emergency. The Boston banks offered to loan the state three million six hundred thousand dollars without security, while banks outside the city throughout the state were equally generous in their offers.

7. By six o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 16, three regiments were ready to start for Washington, and new companies were being raised in all parts of the state. On the afternoon of the next

day, the Sixth Massachusetts, a full regiment one thousand strong, started from Boston by rail, leaving the Fourth Massachusetts to follow.

8. An immense concourse of people gathered in the neighborhood of the Boston and Albany railroad station to witness their departure. The great crowd was evidently under the influence of deep feeling, but it was repressed, and the demonstrations were not noisy.

In all hands were evening editions of the daily papers ; and as the record of the disloyal behavior of Maryland and Virginia was read aloud, the comments were emphatic in disapproval.

9. With the arrival of the uniformed troops, the excitement burst out into a frenzy of shouts, cheers and ringing acclamation. Tears ran down not only the cheeks of women, but those of men ; but there was no faltering.

A clergyman mounted an extemporized platform, to offer prayer, where he could be seen and heard by all, and a solemn hush fell on the excited multitude as if they were inside a church. His voice rang out to the remotest auditor.

10. The long train backed down where the soldiers were scattered among mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, and friends, uttering last words of farewell. "Fall into line!" was the unfamiliar order that rang out clear and distinct with a tone of authority.

The blue coated soldiers released themselves tenderly from the clinging arms of affection, kissed

again, and again, and again, the faces upturned to theirs, white with the agony of parting, formed in long lines, company by company, and were marched into the cars.

11. The two locomotives drawing the long train slowly out of the station, whistled a shrill "good bye," — every engine in the neighborhood whistled back an answering farewell — from the crowded streets, the densely packed station, the roofs of houses, the thronged windows, and the solid mass of human beings lining both sides of the track, further than the eye could see, there rang out a roar of good wishes and parting words, accompanied with tears and sobs, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the Sixth Massachusetts was on its way to Washington.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

THE FLOOD ON THE FLOSS.

1. Maggie Tulliver was kneeling on the floor in the little house by the riverside, when the prayer rose to her lips : "O, God, if my life is to be long, let me live to bless and comfort."

2. At that moment Maggie felt a startling sensation of sudden cold about her knees and feet, it was water. She started up ; the stream was flowing under the door ; she was not bewildered for an instant — she knew it was the flood ! she hurried with the candle

upstairs to Bob Jakin's bedroom ; the door was ajar ; she went in and shook him by the shoulders.

3. "Bob, the flood is come ! it is in the house ! let us see if we can make the boats safe." She lighted his candle, while the wife, snatching up her baby, burst into screams ; then she hurried down again to see if the waters were rising fast. There was a step down into the room at the door leading from the stair case ; she saw that the water was already on a level with the step. While she was looking, something came with a tremendous crash against the window, and sent the leaded panes and the old wooden framework inward in shivers; the water pouring in after it.

4. "It is the boat!" cried Maggie, "Bob, come down to get the boats!" And, without a shudder of fear, she plunged through the water, which was rising fast to her knees, and, by the glimmering light of the candle she had left on the stairs, she mounted on the window sill and crept into the boat which was left with the prow protruding through the window. Bob was not long after her with the lantern in his hands.

5. "Why, they're both here, both the boats," said Bob as he got into the one where Maggie was. "It's wonderful this fastening isn't broken, too, as well as the mooring."

6. In the excitement of getting into the other boat, unfastening it, and mastering an oar, Bob was not struck with the danger Maggie incurred. She, too, had got possession of an oar, and had pushed off, so as

to release the boat from the overhanging window frame.

7. "The water's rising so fast," said Bob, "I doubt it'll be in at the chambers before long—the house is so low, I've more mind to get Prissy and the child and the mother into the boat, if I could, and trust to the water—for the old house is none so safe. And if I let go the boat—but you"—he exclaimed, suddenly lifting the light of his lantern on Maggie as she stood in the rain with the oar in her hand, and her black hair streaming.

8. Maggie had no time to answer, for a new current swept along, and drove both boats out to the wide water, with a force that carried them far past the meeting current of the river.

9. In the first moments, Maggie felt nothing, but that she was alone in the darkness with God. The whole thing had been so rapid, so dream-like, that the threads of ordinary association were broken. She sank down on the seat clutching the oar mechanically, and, for a long while, had no distinct conception of her position. The first thing that waked her to fuller consciousness was the cessation of the rain, and a perception that the darkness was divided by the faintest light; then rushed in the vision of the old home, and Tom, and her mother.

10. "O God, where am I? Which is the way home?" she cried out in the dim loneliness. What was happening to them at the mill? The flood had

once nearly destroyed it. They might be in danger, in distress, her mother and her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help ! Her whole soul was straining now on that thought ; and she saw the long-loved faces looking into the darkness for help, and finding none. She was floating in smooth water now, perhaps far on the overflowed fields, and she strained her eyes against the curtain of gloom that she might catch some suggestion of the spot toward which all her anxieties tended.

11. Oh, how welcome, the widening of that dismal watery level, the gradual uplifting of the cloudy firmament, the slowly defining blackness of objects above the glassy dark ! Yes, she must be out on the fields —those were the tops of the hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie ? Looking behind her, she saw the lines of black trees ; looking before her, there were none ; then the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle forward with the energy of wakening hope.

12. The dawning seemed to advance more swiftly, now she was in action ; and she could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge. Her wet clothes clung around her, and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind ; but she was hardly conscious of any bodily sensation, except a sensation of strength inspired by mighty emotions.

13. But now there was a large mass in the distance,

and near to her Maggie could discern the current of the river. The dark mass must be—yes, it was—St. Ogg's. Ah, now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well known trees—the gray willows, the now yellowing chestnuts, and, above them, the old roof! But there was no color, no shape, yet; all was faint and dim. She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house. This was the thought that occurred to her, as she imagined, with more and more vividness, the state of things around the old home.

14. For the first time distinct ideas of danger began to press upon her, but there was no choice of courses, no room for hesitation, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now, without effort; more and more clearly in the lessening distance and the growing light she began to discern the objects that she knew must be the well known trees and roofs; nay, she was not far off a rushing muddy current that must be the strangely altered Ripple. Great God! there were floating masses in it! What were those masses?

15. For the first time Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. She sat helpless, dimly conscious that she was being floated along—more intensely conscious of the anticipated clash. But the horror was transient. She had passed the mouth of the Ripple, then; now, she must use all her skill and power to manage the boat and get it out of the current.

16. With new resolution, Maggie seized her oar, and stood up to paddle ; but the ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. Then she took to both oars and rowed with all her might toward the mill. Color was beginning to awake now, and she could discern the tints of the trees ; could see the old Scotch firs and the horse chestnuts—oh, how deep they lay in the water ! And the roof of the mill, where was it ? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple—what had they meant ? But it was not the house ; the house stood firm ; drowned up to the first story, but still firm.

17. With panting joy that she was there at last, Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound ; saw no objects moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs window. She called out :

“ Tom, where are you ? Mother, where are you ? Here is Maggie ! ”

18. Soon from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom’s voice:

“ Who is it ? Have you brought a boat ? ”

“ It is I, Tom—Maggie. Where is mother ? ”

“ She is not here ; she went to Gorum, the day before yesterday. I’ll come down to the lower window. Alone, Maggie ? ” said Tom, in astonishment, as he opened the window on a level with the boat.

"Yes, Tom. God has taken care of me, to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?"

19. "No," said Tom, stepping into the boat. "I fear the man is drowned; he was carried down the Ripple, I think, when part of the mill fell. I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie."

20. It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon him. It came with so overpowering a force that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other: Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face, Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent; and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous, divinely-protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-gray eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter; the old, childish "Magsie!"

21. Maggie could make no answer but a long, deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain. As soon as she could speak, she said: "We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then we can help the rest."

22. Tom rowed with untired vigor, and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again.

"Park House stands high up out of the flood," said Maggie. "Perhaps they have got Lucy there."

23. Nothing else was said; a new danger was being carried toward them by the river. Some machinery had given away on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them. A company in a boat that was working its way along observed their danger and shouted, "Get out of the current!"

24. But that could not be done at once; and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

25. The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

Soon the boat reappeared; but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted; living through again in one supreme moment, the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

1. Common sense was eminently a characteristic of Washington ; so called, not because it is so very common a trait of character of public men, but because it is the final judgment on great practical questions to which the mind of the community is pretty sure eventually to arrive. Few qualities of character in those who influence the fortunes of nations are so conducive both to stability and progress. But it is a quality which takes no hold of the imagination ; it inspires no enthusiasm, it wins no favor ; it is well if it can stand its ground against the plausible absurdities, the hollow pretenses, the stupendous impostures of the day. But, however these unobtrusive and austere virtues may be overlooked in the popular estimate, they belong unquestionably to the true type of sterling greatness, reflecting as far as it can be done within the narrow limits of humanity that deep repose and silent equilibrium of mental and moral power which governs the universe.

2. To complain of the character of Washington that it is destitute of brilliant qualities, is to complain of a circle that it has no salient points and no sharp angles in its circumference ; forgetting that it owes all its wonderful properties to the unbroken curve of which every point is equidistant from the centre. Instead,

therefore, of being a mark of inferiority, this sublime adjustment of powers and virtues in the character of Washington is in reality its glory.

3. It is this which chiefly puts him in harmony with more than human greatness. The higher we rise in the scale of being,—material, intellectual, and moral,—the more certainly we quit the region of the brilliant eccentricities and dazzling contrasts which belong to a vulgar greatness. Order and proportion characterize the primordial constitution of the terrestrial system; ineffable harmony rules the heavens.

4. All the great eternal forces act in solemn silence. The brawling torrent that dries up in summer deafens you with its roaring whirlpools in March; while the vast earth on which we dwell, with all its ocean, and all its continents and its thousand millions of inhabitants, revolves unheard upon its soft axle at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and rushes noiselessly on its orbit a million and a half miles a day.

5. Two storm clouds encamped upon opposite hills on a sultry summer's evening, at the expense of no more electricity, according to Mr. Faraday, than is evolved in the decomposition of a single drop of water, will shake the surrounding atmosphere with their thunders, which, loudly as they rattle on the spot, will yet not be heard at the distance of twenty miles; while those tremendous and unutterable forces which ever issue from the throne of God, and drag the chariot wheels of Uranus and Neptune along the uttermost

pathways of the solar system, pervade the illimitable universe in silence.

6. And did I say, my friends, that I was unable to furnish an entirely satisfactory answer to the question, in what the true excellence of the character of Washington consists? Let me recall the word as unjust to myself and unjust to you. The answer is plain and simple enough ; it is this, that all the great qualities of disposition and action, which so eminently fitted him for the service of his fellow-men, were founded on the basis of a pure Christian morality, and derived their strength and energy from that vital source.

7. He was great as he was good ; and I believe, as I do in my existence, that it was an important part in the design of Providence in raising him up to be the leader of the revolutionary struggle, and afterwards the first President of the United States, to rebuke prosperous ambition and successful intrigue ; to set before the people of America, in the morning of their national existence, a living example to prove that armies may be best conducted, and governments most ably and honorably administered, by men of sound moral principle ; to teach to gifted and aspiring individuals, and the parties they lead, that, though a hundred crooked paths may conduct to a temporary success, the one plain and straight path of public and private virtue can alone lead to a pure and lasting fame and the blessings of posterity.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE SCHOOLMASTER BEATEN.

1. The cold, feeble, dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping room, when Nicholas, raising himself on his arm, looked among the prostrate forms in search of the boy Smike. While he was occupied in this search, the voice of Squeers was heard calling from the bottom of the stairs.

2. "Now then, are you going to sleep all day up there?"

"We shall be down directly, sir."

"Down directly! You had better be down directly, or I'll be down upon some of you in less time than directly. Where's that Smike?"

"He is not here, sir."

"Don't tell me a lie. He is."

"He is not; don't tell me one."

3. Mr. Squeers bounced into the dormitory, swinging his cane in the air ready for a blow, but the cane descended harmlessly. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean? Where have you hid him?"

"I have seen nothing of him since last night."

"Come, you won't save him this way. Where is he?"

"At the bottom of the nearest pond for aught I know."

4. "What do you mean by that?" Without waiting for a reply, Squeers inquired of the boys whether any one among them knew anything of their missing schoolmate.

There was a general hum of denial, in the midst of which, one shrill voice was heard to say (as, indeed, everybody thought):

5. "Please, sir, I think Smike's run away, sir."

"Ha!" cried Squeers, "Who said that?" He made a plunge into the crowd, and caught a very little boy, the perplexed expression of whose countenance as he was brought forward, seemed to intimate that he was as yet uncertain whether he was about to be punished or rewarded for the suggestion. He was not long in doubt.

6. "You think he has run away, do you, sir?" demanded Squeers.

"Yes, please sir," replied the little boy.

"And what reason have you to suppose that any boy would want to run away from this establishment?"

The child raised a dismal cry, by way of answer, and Mr. Squeers beat him until he rolled out of his hands, when he mercifully allowed him to roll away.

7. "There! now, if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I should be glad to have a talk with him."

There was a profound silence.

"Well, Nickleby, *you* think he has run away, I suppose?"

"I think it extremely likely."

8. "Oh, you do, do you? Maybe you know he has?"

"I know nothing of the kind."

"He didn't tell you he was going, I suppose, did he?"

"He did not, I am very glad he did not, for it would then have been my duty to have warned you."

"Which no doubt you would have been sorry to do."

9. "I should indeed," replied Nicholas. "You interpret my feelings with great accuracy."

Mrs. Squeers had listened to this conversation from the bottom of the stairs; but now losing all patience, she hastily made her way to the scene of action.

"What's all this here to do? What on earth are you talking to him for, Squeery?"

10. "The cow house and the stable are locked up, so he can't be there; and he's not down stairs anywhere, for the girl has looked. He must have gone York way, and by a public road too. He must beg his way, and he could do that nowhere but on the public road. Now, if you take the chaise and go one road, and I borrow Swallow's chaise, and go the other, what with keeping our eyes open and asking questions, one or the other of us is pretty certain to lay hold of him."

11. The worthy lady's plan was adopted and put in execution without a moment's delay.

Nicholas remained behind in a tumult of feeling. Death, from want and exposure to the weather, was

the best that could be expected from the protracted wandering of so poor and helpless a creature, alone and unfriended, through a country of which he was wholly ignorant.

12. There was little, perhaps, to choose between this fate and a return to the tender mercies of the Yorkshire School. He lingered on, in restless anxiety, picturing a thousand possibilities, until the evening of the next day, when Squeers returned, alone, and unsuccessful.

13. "No news of the scamp!"

Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped. The voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard.

14. Nicholashardly dared to look out of the window; but he did so, and the very first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike, bedabbled with mud and rain, haggard, and worn, and wild.

15. "Lift him out," said Squeers. "Bring him in; bring him in!" *

"Take care," cried Mrs. Squeers. "We tied his legs under the apron, and made 'em fast to the chaise, to prevent his giving us the slip again." With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord; and Smike, to all appearance more dead than alive, was brought into the house and securely locked up in a cellar, until such time as Mr. Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him.

16. The news that Smike had been caught and

brought back in triumph, ran like wildfire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it remained until afternoon; when Squeers having refreshed himself with his dinner, and an extra libation or so, made his appearance (accompanied by his amiable partner) with a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new.

17. "Is every boy here?"

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so, Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself.

"Each boy keep his place, Nickleby! to your desk, sir."

There was a very curious and unusual expression in the usher's face; but he took his seat, without opening his lips in reply.

18. Squeers, casting a triumphant glance at his assistant, left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, dragging Smike by the collar—or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar would have been.

19. "Have you anything to say?" demanded Squeers. "Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, sir!"

"Oh! that's all, is it? Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

20. One desperate cut had fallen on him, when

Nicholas Nickleby suddenly starting up, cried
“Stop!”

“Who cried stop?”

“I,” said Nicholas. “This must not go on.”

“Must not go on!”

“No!” thundered Nicholas. “I say must not, shall not. I will prevent it.”

21. “You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad’s behalf,” said Nicholas; “you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don’t blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I.”

22. “Sit down, beggar!”

“Wretch, touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for I will not spare you if you drive me on!”

“Stand back,” cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

23. “I have a long series of insults to avenge, and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practised in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head!”

24. Squeers, with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face. Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon

from his hand, and beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy, and then flung Squeers from him with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form; and Squeers striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

25. Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and ascertained that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas marched boldly out by the front door, and struck into the road.

26. Then such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and were destined never to respond to again. When the sound had died away, the school was empty; and of the crowd of boys, which had peopled it but five minutes before, not one remained.

CHARLES DICKENS.

DR. CARTER AND HIS MOTHER.

1. In a quiet, old-fashioned street near Portman Square there is a door with a brass-plate upon it, bearing the name "Dr. Carter." There is something remarkable in this man, his is a face that you never forget if you have once seen it. Power is stamped in his deep-set eyes and the firm lines of mouth and chin, power which gives beauty even to an ugly thing.

2. His eyes had the beauty of many doctor's eyes,—kind and patient, from experience of human weakness and trouble of all sorts ; keen and penetrating, as having looked through the mists of pain and disease, searching for hope, ay, and finding it too sometimes where other men could only find despair ; brave and steady, as having met death constantly face to face ; clear and good, as having looked through the glorious glass of science, and seen more plainly the more he looked, the working of the Everlasting Arms.

3. This Dr. John Carter was a poor Somersetshire boy whom Dr. Saville had taken by the hand, and whose talents had made the ladder which carried him up to eminence. He did not obtrude his low origin on every one, neither did he boast of it as something very much to his credit ; but to any one who cared to know he would say, “ My family were poor working people in Somersetshire, and I owe everything to Dr. Saville.”

4. There was no humbug or concealment about him ; that was the very truth he told : and yet, somehow, as time went on, the words lost the full meaning they had to him at first. Don't you know, if you use the same words frequently they get almost mechanical. And so John Carter, when he said those simple, truthful words, grew to see the picturesque background.

5. Violets are scenting the consulting-room, and luring Dr. Carter to thoughts of the giver. Her name is Violet too, the daughter of Sir John Meredith.

They had been engaged for two days, and so Dr. Carter was dreaming rosy dreams that evening in his quiet room. But as the scent of the violets had led him to think of the giver, so it drew his thoughts back to spring-time many years ago at Sunnybrook, and the bank where the earliest violets grew. And his mother—ah! she was always a good mother! His heart felt very warm just then toward that mother of his. He would go down and see her before he was married, if it were only for an hour or two, just to make sure that she was comfortable.

6. At this moment the servant knocked at the door.

“What is it, Hyder?”

“Please, sir, there’s some one wishes to see you. I told her as it was too late, and you was engaged very particular, but she wouldn’t be put off nohow, sir.”

“What is her name?”

There was a slight smile disturbing the usually unruffled serenity of Mr. Hyder’s face, as if he had a lingering remembrance of something amusing.

“She didn’t give any name, sir.”

“What sort of person is she?”

“Beg your pardon, sir. She appears to be from the country, sir. Quite a countrified, homely old body, sir.”

7. Perhaps the odor of the violets and the country memories they had called up made him more amiably

inclined. Instead of the sharp, decided refusal, the servant expected, "Tell her it is long past my time for seeing patients, and I am busy, and she must call again to-morrow," he said, "Well, show her in;" and the man withdrew in surprise. Presently the door was pushed open and before him he saw, with a background of the gas-lit hall and the respectful Hyder, by this time developed into an uncontrollable grin, his mother, in her Sunday bonnet, carrying a bundle, done up in a blue spotted handkerchief, a large green cotton umbrella, and with her pattens in her hand.

8. First thoughts are often the best and purest. He started up, saying, "Mother! why, mother!" in the same tone of glad surprise as he would have done fifteen years before. He did not notice that she was crumpled and dirty with travel, or that she put her pattens down on his open book and upset the glass of violets; he just took hold of her trembling, hard-worked hands, and kissed her furrowed old cheek, wet with tears of unutterable joy, and repeated, "mother! why, mother!"

9. She was clinging meanwhile to his arm, sobbing out, "Laddie my boy, Laddie!" Her eyes were too dim with tears to notice how tall and grand and handsome her boy was grown. Presently, she was able to hunt in her capacious pocket for the silver-rimmed spectacles, "I must have a good look at you, Laddie boy," she said. And then I think her good angel

must have spread his soft wing between the mother and son to keep her from seeing the look that was marring that son's face. All the pleasure was gone, and embarrassment and disquiet had taken its place.

10. "However did you come, mother?" he said, trying his best to keep a certain hardness and irritation out of his voice.

"I come by the train, dear," the old woman answered; "and it did terrify me more nor a bit at first, I'll not go for to deny; but, bless you! I soon got over it, and them trains are handy sort of things when you gets used to 'em. I was a good deal put to though when we got to London station, there seemed such a many folks about, and they did push and hurry a body so. I don't know whatever I should adone if a gentleman hadn't come and asked me where I wanted to get to."

11. "Why didn't you write and say you were coming?"

"Well, there! I thought as I'd give you a surprise."

"And when must you go back?"

"Not 'till you get tired of me, Laddie, or till you takes me to lay me by the old master."

John Carter busied himself with making the fire burn up into a blaze, while his mother rambled on, telling him little bits of village gossip about people he had long since forgotten or never heard of.

12. His head was busy trying to form some plan

for getting himself out of his difficult position. He did not want to hurt her, but it was altogether out of the question having her there to live with him. It would ruin all his prospects in life, his position in his profession and in society ; as to his engagement, he did not venture to allow himself even to think of Violet just then. And then Hyder's grin came to his mind. What had happened when his mother arrived ? Had she committed herself and him frightfully by her behavior? This thought was too much for his feelings, and the tongs went down with an ominous clatter onto the fender, making the old woman jump nearly off her chair.

13. "I reckon as I'm a little bit tired, and it have shook up my nerves like, and a little do terrify one so."

The sight of her white, trembling old face touched his heart.

"You are quite tired out, mother," he said ; "you shall have some tea and go to bed. I can't have you laid up, you know."

"There now ! If I wasn't thinking as a dish of tea would be the nicest thing in the world ! and for you to think of it ! Ah ! you remember what your mother likes, bless you !"

14. "I'll tell them to get some tea," he said, "you sit still and rest." And then he rang the bell decidedly and went out into the hall, closing the door behind him.

"Look here," he said, "I want tea at once in the dining-room, and tell cook to send up some cold meat. I suppose it's too late for cutlets or anything like that?"

"Is the lady going to stop the night, sir?"

"Yes, she is. The best bed-room must be got ready, and a fire lighted, and every thing made as comfortable as possible. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"She is a very old friend and nurse of mine when I was a child, and I want her to be made comfortable."

15. As Hyder went to his pantry that night, he shook his head with a face of supreme disgust. "I'm disappointed in that man. I thought better of him than this comes to. Nurse indeed! Get along! you don't humbug me, my gent!"

There were no signs, however, of these moralizings in the pantry when he announced that supper was ready.

"Do ye have your victuals in the kitchen now, Laddie?" the old woman said. "Well, there! it is the most comfortable to my thinking, though gentle-folks do live in their best parlors constant."

16. Hyder discreetly drew back, and Dr. Carter whispered with a crimson flush all over his face, "Hush, we'll have our talk when this fellow is out of the way. Don't say anything till then."

The old woman looked much surprised, but at last concluded that there was something mysterious against

the character of "the very civil-spoken young man." "You can go," the doctor said, "I will ring if we want anything."

17. "Now, mother, you must have some tea, and you are not to talk till you have eaten something. Here ! I'll pour out the tea." It was very easy and pleasant to be kind to her, and to make much of her now, when no one else was there. "This is a fine room, Laddie, and no mistake. Why, the parson hasn't got one to hold a candle to it. I'd just like some of the Sunnybrook folk to have a look at it. It would make them open their eyes wide, I warrant ! to see me a-setting here like a lady, with this here carpet as soft as anything, and them curtains, and pictures, and all ! I suppose now, as there's a place out behind somewhere for them servants."

18. Dr. Carter laughed and explained the basement arrangements.

"Underground. Well ! I never did ! But I think I've heard tell of underground kitchens before, but I never would believe it. It must be terrible dark for the poor things, and damp moreover ; and how poor, silly gals is always worritting to get places in London, passes me ! "

19. Presently, when they had done tea, and gone back into the consulting-room, when the old woman was seated in the arm-chair, with her feet on the fender, and her gown turned up over her knees, Dr.

Carter drew his chair up near hers, and prepared for his difficult task.

"Mother," he said, laying one of his hands caressingly on her arm, "Mother, I wish you had written to tell me you were coming."

20. She took his hand between both her own, hard and horny, with the veins standing up like cords on the backs, rough and misshapen with years of hard work, but with a world of tender mother's love in every touch, that made his words stick in his throat and nearly choke him.

"I knew you'd be pleased to see me, Laddie, come when I might or how I might."

21. "Of course I'm glad to see you, mother, very glad; and I was thinking just before you came in that I would run down to Sunnybrook to see you just before Christmas."

How could he make her understand and see the gulf that lay between them,—her life and his? And then he went on to explain how different London life was to that at Sunnybrook, and how she would never get used to it or feel happy there.

"Yes, I'll get used to it like other folks. I'll be happy anywhere with you, Laddie. There don't you fret yourself about me; as long as you're comfortable I don't mind nothing."

It needed much plainer speaking; a spade must be called a spade.

22. How soon did she catch his meaning? He

hardly knew. He only felt her hand suddenly clasp his more tightly, and she grew silent, while he talked on nervously, telling her they would go together to-morrow and find a little snug cottage with everything pretty and comfortable and a little maid to do the work, and how he would come to see her often, very often, perhaps once a week. Still never a word for or against of pleasure or of pain, till he said,—

“ You would like it, mother, wouldn’t you ? ”

23. And then she answered slowly and faintly,—

“ I’m aweary, Laddie, too tired like for new plans; and maybe, dearie, too old.”

“ You must go to bed, I should have kept what I had to say till to-morrow when you were rested. Come, think no more of it to-night.”

And so he took her up stairs, such a lot of stairs to the old country legs.

“ Now make haste to bed, there’s a good old mother, my room is next to this if you want anything, and I shall soon come up to bed. I hope you’ll be very comfortable. Good-night.”

24. And then he left her with a kiss ; and she stood for some minutes quite still, looking at herself in the glass before her.

“ And so Laddie is ashamed of his old mother,” she said softly, with a little sigh ; “ and it ain’t no wonder ! ”

DR. CARTER AND HIS MOTHER.

PART II.

1. Dr. Carter settled down to arrange the details of to-morrow's plans, resolved that he would spare no pains or expense in making her thoroughly comfortable. He even wrote a note or two to put off some appointments, and felt quite gratified with the idea that he was sacrificing something on his mother's account.

2. The clock struck two as he rose to go up to bed. He listened at his mother's door, but all was quiet. He was just turning over to sleep when his door opened softly, and his mother came in,—such a queer, funny, old figure, with a shawl wrapped round her and a very large night-cap on,—one of the old fashioned sort, with very broad, flapping frills. She had a candle in her hand, and set it down on the table by his bed.

“Why, mother, what's the matter? Not in bed? Are you ill?”

“There, there! lie down, there ain't nothing wrong. 'Tis fifteen year and more since I tucked you up in bed, and you used to say as you never slept so sweet when I didn't do it, and I thought as I'd like to do it for you once more. Good-night, Laddie, good-night.”

4. And then she went away quickly, and did not hear him call, “Mother! O mother!” after her; for the carefully tucked-in clothes were flung off, and Lad-

die was out of bed with his hand on the handle of the door, and then,—second thoughts being cooler, if not better,—“She had better sleep,” Dr. Carter said, and got back into bed.

But sleep did not come at his call, the strong wind of his pride and will blowing against the running tide of his love and conscience, and making a rough sea between them, which would not allow of any repose.

5. After long and fierce debate with himself, he came to a conclusion, “Come what may, I will keep my mother with me, let people say or think what they will,—even if it costs me Violet herself.” And there and then he went to sleep.

It must have been soon after this that he awoke with a start, with a sound in his ears like the shutting of the street-door. It was still quite dark, night to Londoners, and Dr. Carter turned himself over and went to sleep again, while his old mother stood shivering in the cold November morning outside his door, murmuring,—“I’ll never be a shame to my boy, my Laddie; God bless him !”

6. When Dr. Carter opened his door next morning, he found his mother’s room empty. All the servants could tell him was that they had found her bedroom door open and the front door unbarred and unbolted.

“She has gone back to Sunnybrook. She saw what a miserable, base-hearted cur of a son she had, who grudged a welcome and shelter to her who would have given her right hand to keep his little finger from

aching. God forgive me for wounding the brave old heart ! I will go and bring her back.”

7. The cab was at the door to take him to the station, and everything was ready, and he was giving his last directions to Mr. Hyder.

“I shall be back to-morrow, Hyder, without fail, and I shall bring my mother with me. That was my mother who was here last night, and no man ever had a better,” and the polite Hyder, with tears in his eyes, said, “Indeed, sir, I see that all along ; and I don’t think none the worse of you, but a deal the better, for saying it out like a man ; and me and the gals will do our best to make the old lady comfortable, that we will !”

8. He did not find his mother at Sunnybrook, nor did she arrive by either of the trains that followed the one he came by. So he came back to London, comforting himself with the thought that he would soon be able to trace her out. But it was not so easy as he expected. At last, tired and dispirited, he was obliged, very unwillingly, to put the matter into the hands of the police.

9. It was with a very haggard, anxious face that he came into the pretty drawing-room in Harley Street, where Violet sprang up to meet him. She stretched out both her hands to him, with the ring he had given her the only ornament on them, and said, “Tell me about it.”

“I have come for that, I have come to tell you

about my mother. I have deceived you shamefully."

10. And then he told her of his mother, describing her as plainly and carefully as he could, trying to set aside everything fanciful or picturesque, and yet do justice to the kind, simple, old heart, trying to make Violet see the great difference between the old country woman and herself. And then he told her of her having come to him, to end her days under her son's roof. "I could not ask you to live with her," he ended sadly.

11. "It is too late to think of that, too late, for you asked me to be your wife a week ago. And what does it matter what she is like, you silly old John!—she is your mother, and that is quite enough for me. And I love you more than ever because you are so good and noble and true to your old mother, and are not ashamed of her because she is not just exactly like other people."

12. He drew away with almost a shudder. "Love me less, then, Violet; hate me, for I was ashamed of her; I was base and cowardly and untrue, and I wanted to get her out of the way so that no one should know, not even you, and I hurt and wounded her, and she went away disappointed and sad and sorry, and I cannot find her."

13. He had sunk down into Violet's low chair, and covered up his face with his hands. Violet stood listening too pitiful and sorry for words, longing to

comfort him; and at last she knelt down and whispered very softly, "We will find her, never fear; your mother and mine, Laddie." And so she comforted him.

14. A few weeks later Dr. Carter was moving among sickness and suffering in a great London hospital. There was a very interesting case in the accident ward, and Dr. Carter had altered a bandage himself and was just going off better satisfied, when the nurse called his attention to an old woman who lay on the next bed. "It's a street accident; knocked down by an omnibus. We don't know her name, and no one's been to ask about her. I fancy she's Scotch, for I heard her say 'Laddie' several times." The old woman turned her head on the pillow, and said feebly, "Laddie."

15. And then, all at once, the doctor gave a cry that startled all the patients in the ward, "Mother!" he cried, "mother, is it you?" Dr. Carter was kneeling by the bed, looking eagerly, wildly, at the wan white face.

"Mother, mother, speak to me!"

"Eh, Laddie, here I be."

16. The nurse came nearer, "There is some mistake," she said; "this is quite a poor old woman."

And then he got up and looked at her, she said afterwards, "like my lord duke, as proud as anything."

"Yes," he said, "and she is my mother. I will make arrangements at once for her removal to my house if she can bear it."

Ah! that was the question, and it wanted little examination or experience to tell that the old woman was past moving, and so Dr. Carter found that with all his love and with all his skill, he could only smooth, and that but very little, the steep stony road down into Jordan.

17. Very tenderly did the Great Angel do his work that night ! Only a sigh and then a sudden hush, during which the listeners' pulses throbbed in their ears, as they listened for the next long-drawn, painful, difficult breath that did not come ; and then the weary limbs relaxed into the utter repose and stillness of rest after labor, for the night had come when no man can work.

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

1. The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand.

2. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down

the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them.

3. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watch-word, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

4. They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that of the Father of his Country.

5. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a niche into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; and, as he draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his com-

panions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart.

6. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment more, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock.

7. His knife is worn half way to the haft. He can hear the voices of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment ! What a meager chance to escape destruction ! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma. He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

8. Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel

and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair: "William! William! don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes toward the top!"

9. The boy did not look down. His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stands his father, mother, brother and sister on the very spot where, if he falls he will not fall alone.

10. The sun is half way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall. Fifty more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the

outer edge of the bridge above. Two minutes more and all must be over. The blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels ; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart ; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.

11. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little, nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

12. 'Tis but a moment—there ! one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark ! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. With a faint, convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose.

13. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God—mother"—whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss ; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breath-

86 PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT OF EXPRESSION.

less multitude, such shouting—such weeping and leaping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

ELIHU BURRITT.

CHAPTER III.

WILL—COMMANDING ATTENTION.

ICHABOD CRANE.

PART I.

1. In the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, there abode in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, “tarried,” in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather cock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew.

2. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the children.

3. Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of eighteen ; plump as a partridge ; rosy cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations.

4. It is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in Ichabod Crane's eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion.

5. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod sat enthroned on the lofty stool from which he usually watched all the concerns of his literary realm. His scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them, with one eye kept upon the master ; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter.

6. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry making or

"quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's.

7. All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles. Books were flung aside, without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time.

8. The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet, I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed.

9. The animal he bestrode was a broken down plough horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; and his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder.

10. Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees

nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings.

11. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead, might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

12. Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea table in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the dough-nut, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes.

13. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies: besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums and peaches and pears and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chicken, together with bowls

of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst. Ichabod Crane did ample justice to every dainty.

ICHABOD CRANE.

PART II.

1. After supper, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the folks, who, with Old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. The chief part of the stories turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country ; and, it is said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

2. It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homeward, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a frog from a neighboring marsh. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came crowding

upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker ; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood Major André's tree.

3. As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle ; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him. About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. To pass this bridge was the severest trial.

4. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of these chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump ; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge ; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement and ran broad-side against the fence.

5. The schoolmaster bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand

just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a splashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

6. The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. Summoning up a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained.

7. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, now quickened his speed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him.

8. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless! but

his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation. Away they dashed through thick and thin ; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

9. As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase ; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain, and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer.

10. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him ; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath.

Old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge ; he thundered over the resounding planks ; he gained the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the

horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

11. The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner hour came, but no Ichabod. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church, was found the saddle trampled in the dirt ; the tracks of horse's hoofs deeply dented in the road, and, evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a battered pumpkin.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE NEW SOUTH.

1. “There was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South is living, breathing, growing every hour.”

I accept the term, “The New South,” as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people.

There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself.

2. You have just heard an eloquent description of the triumphant armies of the North, and the grand review at Washington. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture if you can, the foot-sore soldier, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and, lifting his tearstained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find? Let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before?

3. He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, or credit,

employment, material or training—and, besides all this confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

4. What does he do—this hero in gray with the heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely, God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

5. The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; the horses that had charged upon General Sherman's line marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. From the ashes left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

6. It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. On the record of her social, industrial and political restoration, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

7. The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could never give

nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

8. The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair in her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity.

As she stands full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon an expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

9. This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. The South has nothing to take back ; nothing for which she has excuses to make. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man, who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor

as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

10. This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. What answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox?

11. Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with peace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed, a benediction, or a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal.

12. But if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered to this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous ap-

plause be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said : " Standing hand to hand, and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."

HENRY W. GRADY.

MANNERS.*

1. The soul which animates Nature is not less significantly published in the figure, movement, and gesture of animated bodies, than in its last vehicle of articulate speech. This silent and subtle language is Manners ; not *what*, but *how*. Life expresses. A statue has no tongue, and needs none. Good tableaux do not need declamation. Nature tells every secret once. Yes, but in man she tells it all the time, by form, attitude, gesture, mien, face, and parts of the face, and by the whole action of the machine.

2. The visible carriage or action of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined, we call manners. What are they but thought entering the hands and feet, controlling the movements of the body, the speech and behavior ? There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things ; each, once a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and harden-

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ed into usage. They form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable ; men catch them from each other.

3. Consuelo, in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage; and in real life. Talma taught Napoleon the arts of behavior. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode.

4. The power of manners is incessant,—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force, that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius.

5. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them ; they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ball-room, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of

leading persons of their own sex ; where they might learn address, and see it near at hand. The power of a woman of fashion to lead, and also to daunt and repel, derives from their belief that she knows resources and behaviors not known to them ; but when these have mastered her secret, they learn to confront her, and recover their self-possession.

6. Every day bears witness to their gentle rule. People who would obtrude, now do not obtrude. The mediocre circle learns to demand that which belongs to a high state of nature or of culture. Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected,—a police in citizens' clothes,—who are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

7. We talk much of utilities, but 'tis our manners that associate us. In hours of business, we go to him who knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with ; those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours.

8. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force ; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together ; how, in all clubs, manners make the members ; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth ; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners;

when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets ; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey ; and what divination is required in us, for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty.

R. W. EMERSON.

OTHELLO.

ACT I, PART OF SCENE I.

Roderigo. What a full fortune does the thick-lips
 owe,

If he can carry't thus !

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him ; make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Roderigo. Here is her father's house ; I'll call
 aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Roderigo. What, ho, Brabantio ! Signior Brabantio, ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho, Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves !
 thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO appears above, at a window.

Brabantio. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?

What is the matter there ?

Roderigo. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd ?

Brabantio. Why, wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Zounds, sir, you're robbed ; for shame, put on your gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul :
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell.

Arise, I say.

Brabantio. What, have you lost your wits ?

Roderigo. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Brabantio. Not I ; what are you ?

Roderigo. My name is Roderigo.

Brabantio. The worser welcome ;
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Roderigo. Sir, sir, sir, —

Brabantio. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Roderigo. Patience, good sir.

Brabantio. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Roderigo. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God, if the devil bid you.

Brabantio. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are — a senator.

Brabantio. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,
Roderigo.

Roderigo. Sir, I will answer anything. But, I beseech
you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor, —
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself;
If she be in her chamber or your house,

Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Brabantio. Strike on the tinder, ho !
Give me a taper ! call up all my people ! —
This accident is not unlike my dream ;
Belief of it oppresses me already. —
Light, I say ! light ! [Exit above.]

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd — as, if I stay, I shall —
Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business : in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find
him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.]

Enter BRABANTIO and SERVANTS.

Brabantio. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ?—O unhappy girl !
With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a father !—
How didst thou know't was she ?—O, she deceives me

Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more tapers !
Raise all my kindred !—Are they married, think you ?

Roderigo. Truly, I think they are.

Brabantio. O heaven !—How got she out ? O treason
of the blood !—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd ? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing ?

Roderigo. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Brabantio. Call up my brother.—O, would you had
had her !—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Roderigo. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.

Brabantio. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call ;

I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho !

And raise some special officers of night.—

On, good Roderigo ; I'll deserve your pains. [Exit.]

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE HUMAN EYE.*

1. If the human body were made of glass, or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behavior. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The tell-tale body is all tongues.

2. Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces which expose the whole movement. They carry the liquor of life flowing up and down in these beautiful bottles, and announcing to the curious how it is with them. The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, what aims it has. It almost violates the proprieties, if we say above the breath here, what the confessing eyes do not hesitate to utter to every street passenger.

3. Man cannot fix his eye on the sun, and so far seems imperfect. In Siberia, a late traveller found men who could see the satellites of Jupiter with their unarmed eye. In some respects the animals excel us. The birds have a longer sight, beside the advantage by their wings of a higher observatory. A cow can bid her calf, by secret signal, probably of the eye, to run away, or to lie down and hide itself. The jockey says

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of certain horses, that “they look over the whole ground.”

4. The outdoor life, and hunting, and labor, give equal vigor to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded and levelled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or in its altered mood, by beams of kindness, it can make the heart dance with joy.

5. Eyes are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another, through them!

6. The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a house between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there.

7. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping nature is there made, and

the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable, too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest himself in a new form of his own, to the mind of the beholder.

8. The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage, that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips.

9. One comes away from a company, in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him, and out from him, through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blue berries. Others are liquid and deep,—wells that a man might fall into;—others are aggressive

and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded Broadways, and the security of millions, to protect individuals against them.

10. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic, brows. 'Tis the city of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes; and eyes full of fate, some of good, and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will, before it can be signified in the eye.

11. 'Tis very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men, and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal. The reason why men do not obey us, is because they see the mud at the bottom of our eye.

R. W. EMERSON.

MR. PETER MAGNUS SEEKS ADVICE.

1. Mr. Peter Magnus took a blue view of Mr. Pickwick through his colored spectacles for several minutes, and then said with an air of modesty:

“And what do you think—what *do* you think, Mr. Pickwick—I have come down here for?”

“Upon my word,” said Mr. Pickwick, “it is wholly impossible for me to guess; on business perhaps.”

2. “Partly right, sir,” replied Mr. Peter Magnus, “but partly wrong, at the same time; try again Mr. Pickwick.”

“Really,” said Mr. Pickwick, “I must throw myself on your mercy, to tell me or not, as you may think best, for I should never guess, if I were to try all night.”

“Why, then, he-he-ne!” said Mr. Peter Magnus, with a bashful titter, “what should you think, Mr. Pickwick, if I had come down here to make a proposal, sir, eh? He-he-he!”

3. “Think! That you are very likely to succeed,” replied Mr. Pickwick, with one of his beaming smiles.

“Ah!” said Mr. Magnus. “But do you really think so, Mr. Pickwick? Do you, though?”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“No, but you’re joking, though.”

“I am not, indeed.”

“Why then,” said Mr. Magnus, “to let you into a little secret, *I* think so too. I don’t mind telling you, Mr. Pickwick, although I’m dreadful jealous by nature — horrid — that the lady is in this house.”

4. Here Mr. Magnus took off his spectacles, on purpose to wink, and then put them on again.

“That’s what you were running out of the room for, before dinner, then, so often,” said Mr. Pickwick, archly.

“Hush ! Yes, you’re right, that was it, not such a fool as to see her though.”

“No ! ”

“No; wouldn’t do, you know, after having just come off a journey. Wait till to-morrow, sir ; double the chance then. Mr. Pickwick, sir, there is a suit of clothes in that bag, and a hat in that box, which I expect, in the effect they will produce, will be invaluable to me, sir.”

5. “Indeed ! ” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Yes ; you must have observed my anxiety about them to-day. I do not believe that such another suit of clothes, and such a hat, could be bought for money, Mr. Pickwick.”

Mr. Pickwick congratulated the fortunate owner of the irresistible garments, on their acquisition ; and Mr. Peter Magnus remained for a few moments apparently absorbed in contemplation.

6. “She’s a fine creature,” said Mr. Magnus.

"Is she?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," said Mr. Magnus, "very. She lives about twenty miles from here, Mr. Pickwick. I heard she would be here to-night and all to-morrow forenoon, and came to seize the opportunity. I think an inn is a good sort of place to propose to a single woman in, Mr. Pickwick. She is more likely to feel the loneliness of her situation in traveling, perhaps, than she would be at home. What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?"

7. "I think it very probable," replied that gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pickwick," said Mr. Peter Magnus. "What's the time?"

"Past twelve."

"Dear me, it's time to go to bed. It will never do, sitting here. I shall be pale to-morrow, Mr. Pickwick."

8. At the bare notion of such a calamity, Mr. Peter Magnus rang the bell for the chambermaid; and the striped bag, the red bag, the leatheren hat box, and the brown paper parcel, having been conveyed to his bedroom, he retired in company with a japanned candlestick, to one side of the house, while Mr. Pickwick, and another japanned candlestick, were conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings, to another.

9. When Mr. Pickwick descended to the room in which he and Mr. Peter Magnus had spent the preceding evening, he found that gentleman with the

major part of the contents of the two bags, the leather hat box, and the brown paper parcel, displayed to all possible advantage on his person, while he himself was pacing up and down the room in a state of the utmost excitement and agitation.

10. "Good morning sir," said Mr. Peter Magnus. "What do you think of this, sir?"

"Very effective indeed," replied Mr. Pickwick, surveying the garments of Mr. Peter Magnus with a good-natured smile.

"Yes, I think it'll do," said Mr. Magnus. "Mr. Pickwick, sir, I have sent up my card."

"Have you?" said Mr. Pickwick.

11. "And the waiter brought back word, that she would see me at eleven—at eleven, sir; it only wants a quarter now."

"Very near the time," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes, it is rather near," replied Mr. Magnus, "rather too near to be pleasant—eh! Mr. Pickwick, sir."

"Confidence is a great thing in these cases," observed Mr. Pickwick.

12. "I believe it is, sir," said Mr. Peter Magnus. "I am very confident, sir. Really, Mr. Pickwick, I do not see why a man should feel any fear in such a case as this, sir. What is it, sir? There is nothing to be ashamed of; it's a matter of mutual accommodation, nothing more. Husband on one side, wife on the other. That's my view of the matter, Mr. Pickwick."

"It is a very philosophical one," replied Mr. Pick-

wick. "But breakfast is waiting, Mr. Magnus. Come."

13. Down they sat to breakfast, but it was evident, notwithstanding the boasting of Mr. Peter Magnus, that he labored under a very considerable degree of nervousness, of which loss of appetite, a propensity to upset the tea-things, a spectral attempt at drollery, and an irresistible inclination to look at the clock every other second, were among the principal symptoms.

14. "He—he—he," tittered Mr. Magnus, affecting cheerfulness, and gasping with agitation. "It only wants two minutes, Mr. Pickwick. Am I pale, sir?"

"Not very," replied Mr. Pickwick.

There was a brief pause.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pickwick; but have you ever done this sort of thing in your time?" said Mr. Magnus.

15. "You mean proposing?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes."

"Never," said Mr. Pickwick, with great energy, "never."

"You have no idea, then, how it's best to begin?" said Mr. Magnus.

"Why," said Mr. Pickwick, "I may have formed some ideas upon the subject, but, as I have never submitted them to the test of experience, I should be sorry if you were induced to regulate your proceedings by them."

16. "I should feel very much obliged to you, for

any advice, sir," said Mr. Magnus, taking another look at the clock; the hand of which was verging on the five minutes past.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, with the profound solemnity with which that great man could, when he pleased, render his remarks so deeply impressive, "I shculd commence, sir, with a tribute to the lady's beauty and excellent qualities; from them, sir, I should diverge to my own unworthiness."

17. "Very good," said Mr. Magnus.

"Unworthiness for *her* only, mind, sir," resumed Mr. Pickwick; "for to show that I was not wholly unworthy, sir, I should take a brief review of my past life, and present condition. I should argue, by analogy, that to anybody else I must be a very desirable object. I should then expatiate on the warmth of my love, and the depth of my devotion. Perhaps I might then be tempted to seize her hand."

18. "Yes, I see," said Mr. Magnus; "that would be a very great point."

"I should then, sir," continued Mr. Pickwick, growing warmer as the subject presented itself in more glowing colors; "I should then, sir, come to the plain and simple question, 'Will you have me?' I think I am quite justified in assuming that upon this, she would turn away her head."

"You think that may be taken for granted?" said Mr. Magnus; "because if she did not do that at the right place, it would be embarrassing."

19. "I think she would," said Mr. Pickwick. "Upon this, sir, I should squeeze her hand, and I think—I *think*, Mr. Magnus—that after I had done that, supposing there was no refusal, I should gently draw away the handkerchief, which my slight knowledge of human nature leads me to suppose the lady would be applying to her eyes at the moment, and steal a respectful kiss. I think I should kiss her, Mr. Magnus; and at this particular point, I am decidedly of opinion, that if the lady were going to take me at all, she would murmur in my ears a bashful acceptance."

20. Mr. Magnus started; gazed on Mr. Pickwick's intelligent face for a short time in silence; and then (the dial pointing to the ten minutes past) shook him warmly by the hand, and rushed desperately from the room.

21. Mr. Pickwick had taken a few strides to and fro; and the small hand of the clock following the latter part of his example, had arrived at the figure which indicates the half hour, when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Peter Magnus tripped into the room.

"Congratulate me, Mr. Pickwick; I followed your advice to the very letter."

22. "And it was all correct, was it?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"It was, sir. Could not possibly have been better," replied Mr. Magnus. "Mr. Pickwick, she is mine."

"I congratulate you with all my heart," replied Mr. Pickwick, warmly shaking his new friend by the hand.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSIQUE—VIGOR.

THE TENT-SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cassius. At such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cassius. Chastisement ?

Brutus. Remember March, the Ides of March remem-
ber !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
 What villain touched his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice ?—What ! shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers ;—shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
 And sell the mighty space of our large honors
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?—
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me :
 I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
 To hedge me in : I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to ! you're not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more : I shall forget myself :
 Have mind upon your health : tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man !

Cassius. Is't possible !

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cassius. Must I endure all this ?

Brutus. All this ? Ay, more. Fret till your proud
 heart break.

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
 Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humor ?

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth ; yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this ?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier ;
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me,
Brutus ;

I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better ?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Brutus. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cassius. I durst not !

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What ! Durst not tempt him ?

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you,
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me :—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
 By any indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions ;
 Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?
 Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
 Dash him to pieces !

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not : he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my
 heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities ;
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come !
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius :
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world—
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother :
 Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from my eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth :
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheath your dagger :
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
 O Cassius, you are yokëd with a lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforcëd, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him ?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius. O Brutus !

Brutus. What's the matter ?

Cassius. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
 Makes me forgetful ?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PHEIDIPIIDES.

I.

First I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock !
 Gods of my birthplace, demons and heroes, honor to all !
 Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal in
 praise

--Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of the ægis and
 spear !

Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be your peer,
 Now, henceforth and forever,—O latest to whom I up-
 raise

Hand and heart and voice ! For Athens, leave pasture
 and flock !

Present to help, potent to save, Pan— patron I call !

II.

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return !
 See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that speaks !
 Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens
 and you,

“Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid !
 Persia has come, we are here, where is She ?” Your
 command I obeyed,

Ran and raced : like stubble, some field which a fire runs
 through,

Was the space between city and city : two days, two
 nights did I burn

Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.

III.

Into their midst I broke : breath served but for “ Persia
has come !

Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and
earth ;

Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall
Athens sink,

Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid,
the stander-by ?

Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch
o'er destruction's brink ?

How,—when ? No care for my limbs !—there's lightning
in all and some—

Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it
birth !”

IV.

O my Athens—Sparta love thee ? Did Sparta respond ?
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice,—each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified
hate !

Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses.
I stood

Quivering,—the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch
from dry wood :

“ Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate ?
Thunder, thou Zeus ! Athene, are Spartans a quarry
beyond

Swing of thy spear ? Phoibos and Artemis, clang them
‘ Ye must ’ ! ”

V.

No bolt launched from Olympus ! Lo, their answer at last !
 "Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,—may Sparta
 befriend ?

Nowise precipitate judgment—too weighty the issue at
 stake !

Count we no time lost time which lags through respect to
 the gods !

Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the
 odds

In your favor, so long as the moon, half orbed, is unable
 to take

Full-circle her state in the sky !' Already she rounds to
 it fast :

Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend."

VI.

Athens,—except for that sparkle,—thy name, I had moul-
 dered to ash !

That sent a blaze through my blood ; off, off and away
 was I back,

—Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false
 and the vile !

Yet "O Gods of my land !" I cried, as each hillock and
 plain,

Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them
 again,

"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid
 you erewhile ?

Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation ! Too
 rash

Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack !

VII.

“Oak and olive and bay,— I bid you cease to enwreathe
 Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the Persian’s
 foot,
 You that, our patrons were pledged, should never adorn a
 slave!
 Rather I hail thee, Parnes,—trust to thy wild waste tract!
 Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What matter if
 slacked
 My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to cave
 No deity deigns to drape with verdure? At least I can
 breathe,
 Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the
 mute!”

VIII.

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes’ ridge;
 Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a bar
 Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
 Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fissure
 across:
 “Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night in the
 fosse?
 Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise! No
 bridge
 Better!”—when—ha! what was it I came on, of wonders
 that are?

IX.

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestical Pan!
 Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned his
 hoof:

All the great god was good in the eyes grave-kindly—the curl

Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat thighs grand I saw.
“Halt, Pheidippides!”—halt I did, my brain of a whirl;
“Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?” he gracious began:

“How is it,—Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?

x.

“Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast!
Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of old?

Ay, and still, and forever her friend! Test Pan, trust me!

Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith

In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, ‘The Goat God saith:

When Persia—so much as strews not the soil—is cast in the sea,

Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and least,

Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free and the bold!

xi.

“Say Pan saith: ‘Let this, foreshowing the place, be the pledge!’”

(*Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear
—Fennel—I grasped it a-tremble with dew—whatever it bode*)

"While, as for thee" . . . But enough ! He was gone. If I ran hitherto—

Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but flew.

Parnes to Athenⁿ—earth no more, the air was my road :
Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the razor's edge !

Pan for Athens, Pan for me ! I too have a guerdon rare !

XII.

Then spoke Miltiades. "And thee, best runner of Greece,
Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is promised thyself ?

Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother demands of her son !"

Rosily blushed the youth : he paused : but, lifting at length

His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of his strength

Into the utterance—"Pan spoke thus : 'For what thou hast done

Count on a worthy reward ! Henceforth be allowed thee release

From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf !'

XIII.

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my mind !

Fight I shall, ~~with~~ our foremost, wherever this fennel may grow,—

Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and, under the deep,

Whelm her away forever : and then,—no Athens to save,—
 Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave,—
 Hie to my house and home : and, when my children shall
 creep

Close to my knees,—recount how the God was awful yet
 kind,
 Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding him—
 so ! ”

xiv.

Unforeseeing one ! Yes, he fought on the Marathon Day !
 So, when Persia was dust, all cried “To Akropolis !
 Run, Pheidippides, one race more ! the meed is thy due !
 ‘Athens is saved, thank Pan,’ go shout !” He flung
 down his shield,
 Ran like fire once more : and the space 'twixt the Fennel-
 field
 And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs
 through,
 Till in he broke : “Rejoice, we conquer !” Like wine
 through clay,
 Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the bliss !

xv.

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of
 salute
 Is still “Rejoice !”—his word which brought rejoicing
 indeed.
 So is Pheidippides happy forever,—the noble strong man
 Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom
 a god loved so well ;
 He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was
 suffered to tell

Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he began,
So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:
“Athens is saved!”—Pheidippides dies in the shout for his meed.

ROBERT BROWNING.

MACBETH.

ACT I, PART OF SCENE I. *A Desert Place.*

Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Second Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*]

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT IS A MINORITY ?

1. What is a minority ? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world.

2. You will find that each generation has always been busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom ? To the Covenanters. Ah ! they were in a minority ! Read their history if you can without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority that, through blood and tears and hootings and scourgings—dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

3. Minority ! If a man stand up for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust ; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong parade in

silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

“Troops of beautiful, tall, angels”

gathered round him ; and God Himself stands within the dim future and keeps watch over His own !

4. If a man stands for the right and truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority, for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all that be against !

JOHN B. GOUGH.

MACBETH.

ACT I, PART OF SCENE III. *A Heath.*

Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister ?

Second Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou ?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd. ‘Give me’,
quoth I :

‘Aroint thee, witch !’ the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger :

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Second Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay :
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid :
Weary se'n nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]

Third Witch. A drum, a drum !

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about :
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace ! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is't call'd to Forres ? What are
these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
Glamis!

Second Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king
hereafter!

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Second Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis ;
 But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,
 A prosperous gentlemen ; and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting ? speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*

Banquo. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
 And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Macbeth. Into the air ; and what seemed corporal
 melted
 As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd !

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

TO A SKYLARK.

[ABRIDGED.]

I.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

II.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest.

III.

In the golden lightening
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

IV.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

V.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

VI.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heedeth not.

VII.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine ;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

VIII.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

IX.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

X.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

XI.

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught :
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

XII.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

XIII.

Better than all measures
 Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.

FROM A SPEECH BEFORE THE NATIONAL CONVENTION
OF FRANCE, 1789.

1. I hear much said of patriotism, appeals to patriotism, transports of patriotism. Gentlemen, why prostitute this noble word ? Is it so very magnanimous to give up a part of your income in order to save your whole property ? This is very simple arithmetic ; and he that hesitates, deserves contempt rather than indignation.

2. Yes, gentlemen, it is to your immediate self-interest, to your most familiar notions of prudence and policy, that I now appeal. I say not to you now, as

heretofore, beware how you give the world the first example of an assembled nation untrue to the public faith. I ask you not, as heretofore, what right you have to freedom, or what means of maintaining it, if, at your first step in administration, you outdo in baseness all the old and corrupt governments. I tell you, that unless you prevent this catastrophe, you will all be involved in the general ruin ; and that you are yourselves the persons most deeply interested in making the sacrifices which the government demands of you.

3. I exhort you, then, most earnestly, to vote these extraordinary supplies ; and God grant they may prove sufficient ! Vote them, I beseech you ; for, even if you doubt the expediency of the means, you know perfectly well that the supplies are necessary, and that you are incapable of raising them in any other way. Vote them at once, for the crisis does not admit of delay ; and, if it occurs, we must be responsible for the consequences.

4. Beware of asking for time. Misfortune accords it never. While you are lingering, the evil day will come upon you. Why, gentlemen, it is but a few days since, that upon occasion of some foolish bustle in the *Palais Royal*, some ridiculous insurrection that existed nowhere but in the heads of a few weak and designing individuals, we were told with emphasis, “Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and yet we deliberate.” We know, gentlemen, that this was all imagination. We are far from being at Rome ; nor is there any Catiline

at the gates of Paris. But now are we threatened with a real danger ; bankruptcy, rational bankruptcy, is before you ; it threatens to swallow up your persons, your property, your honor,—and yet you deliberate.

MIRABEAU.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.*

The royal feast was done; the King
 Sought out some new sport to banish care,
 And to his jester cried : “ Sir Fool,
 Kneel now, and make for us a prayer ! ”

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
 And stood the mocking court before
 They could not see the bitter smile
 Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
 Upon the monarch's silken stool ;
 His pleading voice arose : “ O Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool ! ”

“ No pity, Lord, could change the heart
 From red with wrong to white as wool ;
 The rod must heal the sin : but Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool ! ”

“ ’Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
 Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay ;
 ’Tis by our follies that so long
 We hold the earth from heaven away.

“ These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
 Go crushing blossoms without end ;
 These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
 Among the heart-strings of a friend.

“ The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
 Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung ?
 The word we had not sense to say—
 Who knows how grandly it had rung ?

“ Our faults no tenderness should ask,
 The chastening stripes must cleanse them all ;
 But for our blunders—oh, in shame
 Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

“ Earth bears no balsam for mistakes ;
 Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
 That did his will ; but Thou, O Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool ! ”

The room was hushed ; in silence rose
 The King, and sought his gardens cool,
 And walked apart, and murmured low,
 “ Be merciful to me, a fool ! ”

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

